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## The Lark in the City.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

The rainy mist was hanging low,  
Creeping slow—  
Creeping along the crowded street,  
Dulling the echo of busy feet,  
As the throngs passed by in a ceaseless flow,  
Hastening, hurrying to-and-fro.

Overhead was a sky of lead,  
Never a glimpse of blue to be seen—  
Never a gleam the clouds between  
And my heart sank low with doubt and dread;  
And thoughts of the morrow,  
Its care and sorrow,  
And the toil for daily bread,  
Filled my heart with a wild misgiving;  
"Without a friend to love or pity,  
All alone in this crowded city—  
Where is the use of living?"

Trill—trill—trill!

The song of a lark  
Scattered the visions dreary and dark,  
And woke my heart with a thrill!  
Poor little lark, in its tiny prison,  
It chanted its sweet song over and over,  
As if it were newly risen  
From the fields of emerald wheat and clover;  
And the notes came pourir,  
Heavenward soaring—  
Up—up—up;  
As if the cup  
Of its happiness were overflowing,  
Out on the hills, with a fresh wind blowing,  
And the sky to eastward redly glowing,  
In the bright green country far away,  
At the morn of a sunny summer day.

Sorrow vanished—gloom was banished—  
Forgotten the dreary misty weather;  
And long leagues off, where the corn was green,  
Up in the sunlight's golden sheen,  
My heart and the lark were mounting together,  
High—high—high  
In the bright blue sky?

Trill—trill—trill!  
And cheerily still  
The lark, in the midst of the busy city,  
Over and over sang its ditty;  
Raising my soul like a holy beatitude:  
So, with all gratitude,  
Cheered and chastened,  
Onward I hastened,  
Blessing the bird for its merry song,  
That haunted my heart the whole day long.

## Count Walewski's Address

TO THE CONSERVATOIRE IMPÉRIAL DE MUSIQUE.

[On occasion of the distribution of the prizes of the Conservatoire of Paris, His Excellency the Count Walewski, Minister of State, presided. The occasion was made a memorable one, by the honors bestowed upon the venerable composer Auber, in creating him a grand officer of the Legion of Honor.

The address of Count Walewski is interesting in its topics and graceful and eloquent in its style. We regret that we cannot more adequately clothe it in an English dress, but are confident that it will be read with interest by our readers.]

Gentlemen: In presiding upon this occasion, my first desire is to thank the eminent professors by whom I find myself surrounded, and especially the illustrious director of the Conservatoire, the glory of French

music, whose graceful intellect that reckons years only by the number of its successes, that charming octogenarian who will never have been an old man, whose last chef d'œuvre, *la Circassienne*, is still a work of youth.

The Emperor, gentlemen, who understands how to proportion the reward to the greatness of the merit, has been pleased by a signal manifestation of his good will to distinguish an instance that so calls for sympathy and popular feeling. His Majesty has been pleased to nominate M. Auber, grand officer of his Imperial Order of the Legion of Honor, that order, which in the design of its immortal founder, was instituted to reward every kind of merit. I esteem myself happy to be the medium of a favor so justly deserved.

[The Minister here presented to M. Auber the insignia of a grand officer amid the most deafening acclamations and applause.]

I thank the professors for the enlightened zeal that they display in the performance of their duties. I thank them for the great and diverse talents that have been formed by their care.

Yes, the Conservatoire has a right to be proud of the results obtained in all its departments. We voluntarily disparage what belongs to ourselves; this is in some sort the coquetry of our hospitality, but in the presence of unfounded criticism (although inspired by laudable feeling) we should have the courage to recognize what is good and loudly proclaim it.

The diplomatic duties which I have had the honor to discharge, have given me the opportunity of visiting almost all the capitals of Europe and I do not hesitate to say that in no country in the world does the State lend to the Arts a more generous and effective support. I congratulate myself that I have been able to enrich the Conservatoire with a precious collection of the instruments of all epochs, collected by the care of M. Clapisson, which will fill a useful place in its library, and will be complete before the close of the year.

No other establishment in Europe can compare with the Conservatoire of Paris in the *ensemble* and complete organization of its studies, in unity of design and method, and finally in that general emulation that has produced four hundred and ten scholars deemed worthy of taking part in the *Concours* of this year. It may be remarked, moreover, with satisfaction, that we are progressing, as never before has so high a figure been attained.

This very hall, even, in which we are assembled, the most modest and at the same time most illustrious concert hall that the musical world knows, in which an unrivaled orchestra has made real the marvels of perfect execution, eloquently testifies in favor of the preëminence of the Conservatoire of Paris.

I do not desire, however, to exaggerate, and with the intention of being equitable, to fail in doing justice to others. Italy has continued to be the Queen of Song. Nature has given everything to her children to make them a melodious race; the voices of her singers have the limpid quality of their native air; the very speech that they have learned in the cradle was their first lesson in melody; but, after all, if Italy has for so long a time lent to us, if she still lends us admirable singers, have we not ended by restoring to her a little of what we borrow? The Conservatoire of Paris has furnished to her theatres many artists of the first order; let us only discover their real names under the translation that dis-

guises them, and you will see that the French school can claim a considerable share in the fortunes of Italian song.

The Symphony is German. A reverie and a profound science, Germany has given to it her entire genius, and not in vain has she produced Haydn and Mozart, Weber and Beethoven; neither is it in vain that France has understood and interpreted with a superior intelligence these great poets of instrumental music. Our composers have known how to combine those mystic voices of the Symphony with the brilliant and perfected expression of singing, so as to form the modern French opera, of which a truly creative mind, Eugene Scribe, has sketched the portrait. It is to this wholly national creation that our first lyric stage should be exclusively devoted, just as the *Théâtre Français*, the guardian of traditions, the true school of good taste, should consecrate itself to the *chefs d'œuvre* of our literature, whether to those of the older school, or to the serious productions of contemporary authors. And thus combining this delicate labor with the movement and rapid life of the *Comédie d'intrigue*, the creators of the modern French opera have formed the *Opéra Comique*, that happy combination of learning purposely disguised, with eloquence and grace, the *chefs d'œuvre* of which have even gained a place in the repertory of classical Germany.

As I have pronounced the name of Eugene Scribe, I may be allowed to express the sentiments of profound sadness that I experience not to see him seated here to-day beside his illustrious fellow-laborer. You all, gentlemen, I am sure, share with me in this painful emotion. For twenty years he was a member of the committee on dramatic studies, and there also he has left a void to be filled. The Conservatoire has a right to take its part in the deep grief with which the loss of this brilliant, fertile intellect has plunged the dramatic art all over the world; for it cannot be denied that French art (whether tragedy, comedy, opera, drama or comic opera) is, one may say, in possession of the universal stage. To you, gentlemen, it belongs to preserve these conquests, which, since the times of Louis XIV., have never fallen from the hands of France.

To this end, labor without ceasing. If an impatient ardor whispers in your ears, "Imagination is of more worth than rules—Inspiration finds all she needs in a sudden intuition—Genius has no need of traditions," repel these theories. Imagination goes astray and cannot go far without the rules that guide it. Inspiration has sometimes met the sublime, but she is capricious and visits us only in the hour that she herself chooses. And as to Genius—the gift is rare. We have seen it however. At the beginning of the century it was called Talma; it was called Malibran and Mars, and in our own day, it was called Rachel. Less proud and disdainful than is supposed, it has not depended wholly on itself; it has regarded tradition as its natural heritage, and has not repudiated that treasure of acquired experience, that rich inheritance of so much study, so many recollections, which it was in its turn, to transmit, the richer for its own studies and its own memories. Always preoccupied with its art, seeking ever for what was best, going in advance of counsels, it seemed to be ignorant of itself—not to know that it was Genius; but it knew that Taste is itself the genius of France.

*Taste, gentlemen, I have already spoken of in an-*

other place, and you cannot be surprised that I speak of it here again before you. Taste was the instinct, the nature and the necessity of these great artists. Without effort, it regulated their gestures, their bearing, their whole attitude. What dignity! What elegance! What fitness! I speak not only of the delicate and lively comedy, but even in the boldest movements of tragic passion, what grace mingled with terror, what moderation with power, what power with moderation! And this moderation, too, finding itself in harmony with the public sentiment, educated by pure Art, became the common intelligence of both artists and audience, the indispensable condition of success; the basis, finally of those great reputations that are the glory of our country.

So true is this, that when the accustomed audience was wanting to those great artists, they felt also that this moderation escaped them. In vain, in their triumphal excursions, did they attempt to resist the plaudits which carried them beyond their bounds; the enthusiasm of the parterre left them no longer masters of themselves; they yielded and the limit was passed. The more they were admired, the more applauded, the less were they satisfied. They needed to come back here, to find *themselves* once more—to receive, in some degree, the teachings of silence—to be less applauded, but more truly judged.

But, I repeat, study, tradition, moderation. Above all, never lose sight of this, that if Art is a pleasure and a charm, the highest of all to the public which it enchant, it is to the artist, a persevering effort, a toil, often even a pain. So, to all those uncertain inclinations directed towards Art as to a pleasure, I should say, "Stop! Choose another career, you deceive yourselves!" But to those who gifted by nature are animated by the sacred fire, I shall say, "Persevere with courage, fear not the labor, for it offers you in the future both fortune and Fame!"

#### Lesueur.

Lesueur is a name much talked of in this country; but very little is really known of the pretensions of its possessor. Our contemporary, *Le Ménestrel*, has recently published some interesting details about the French composer, from which we are able to glean particulars that may not be uninteresting to our readers. In the time of the Republic, which could scarcely be regarded as the 18th century, but which yet could not be considered the 19th, a great number of composers of talent vied for the favors of a public, attracted in other directions by the declamations of the political arena, or the roar of cannon from the frontiers. These rival musicians,—rivals, but excellent friends,—would sometimes join together in one common collaboration, and the Opéra Comique, whether Feydeau or Favart, would receive a score at which had labored some half-dozen illustrious men, such as Cherubini, Méhul, Nicolo Isouard, Berton, Kreutzer, Boieldieu, Paer, &c. The three most frequently united in a joint production were Méhul, Cherubini, and Lesueur. The works of the last-named rendered him less illustrious than the other two. He was indebted to the delicacy of Méhul, and the somewhat rigid sincerity of Cherubini for an elevated position at the court. Was he as deserving of this distinction as his two contemporaries? It seems to us not. His music had neither the grandeur nor the elevation of Méhul, and the masterly and learned refinement of Cherubini. It was far, however, from being devoid of merit. What chiefly distinguished it was the gracefulness of the melodies—after the manner of Dalayrac, though less sentimental than the author of *Camille*. Lesueur acquired more celebrity through his oratorios, motets and masses than his dramatic works. Two of his operas, however, are still remembered by musicians, *La Caverne*, a comic opera, to which we shall presently return; and *Ossian, ou, les Bardes*, a grand opera, for which Napoleon, with his own hand, decorated him in the Imperial box with the order of the legion of honor; and when, subsequently, Charles X.

wished to promote Lesueur to the rank of commander of that order, the musician declined the honor, preferring to keep upon his breast the same cross which the Emperor had placed there. This was the act of a noble mind.

Lesueur was born in a village near Abbeville, on the 15th of January, 1763.\* After studying music in that town at the chapel of St. Vulfran, he was sent as an *enfant de chœur* to the master chaperly of Amiens. It was, no doubt, the magnificent cathedral of the metropolis of Picardy which inspired him with those soothing melodies that made the success of his masterpiece, *Les Bardes*. Lesueur's music, however, has not the antique grandeur of Méhul. There is nothing in all that he has written for the church which approaches the sacred loftiness of "Joseph, Dieu d'Israël." Having received a somewhat imperfect education, he had improved his style by reading the scores of the old Italian masters, with whose spirit he imbued himself. Throughout his works are to be found such simple melodies as the phrase of the tenor in one of his oratorios: "Surge, Deborah!"† which occurs as a type of his peculiar manner.

After filling the post of Chapel-master at Sées, Dijon, Mans, and Tours, having come to Paris in 1784, he obtained the Chapel-mastership of Notre Dame in 1786. He introduced an orchestra into the chapel of that cathedral, and had masses executed of an almost secular character, which displeased the chapter. He was reproached for this, and the instrumental parts were reduced, as before, to simple accompaniments of violoncellos and double-basses. Lesueur, wounded at this change, withdrew into the country, resided with one of his friends until 1792, when his benefactor died. He then returned to Paris, and succeeded in getting *La Caverne* (opera, in three acts) brought out at the Feydeau during the following year. The great success which this met compensated for the mortifications of every kind he had to endure while it was in rehearsal. It was remembered that he had worn the narrow collar of ecclesiastics when Chapel-master at the Cathedral, and that at that time he was called "Monsieur l'Abbé." Neither the orchestra nor the actors spared their jeers. Cherubini had to take the direction of the rehearsals, in order by his powerful influence, acquired through the popularity of his *Deux Journées*, to counteract the ill-will displayed towards his friend. He even did more than this: for at the three first performances he filled the office of prompter, and after the success of the opera had been fully ratified in Paris, he went to Rouen and produced it there with no less success thanks to the dramatic feeling so felicitously pervading the score. Among the more remarkable pieces may be mentioned the duet, "Moi, que de vous je me sépare," the air, "Quel antre affreux?" and the trio, "Se calme-telle un peu."

After *La Caverne*, Lesueur produced, in 1794, *Paul et Virginie*, not a very remarkable work, but it contained a hymn to the sun, which used to be executed at the concerts formerly given at the Feydeau. While Chapel-master at Notre-Dame he had written for the opera *Télémaque dans l'île de Calypso*. Though accepted, being never performed, he withdrew the score, and arranged it as an opera comique, in which shape it was subsequently produced (1796). Lesueur quarrelled with Sarrette about some writings against the Conservatoire, where he resided, and was thus obliged to leave his quarters, and thus found himself thrown with his family on the wide streets, unprovided with the smallest means. A lucky chance rescued him from this position. The famous Paisiello, then Napoleon's Chapel-master, having requested permission to retire, his place was conferred on Lesueur, as we have already mentioned. He was then able to obtain a hearing for his opera, *Les Bardes*, which had long been languishing on the shelves of the opera. The first performance took place on the 10th July, 1804.

In an anonymous pamphlet, entitled *Le Rideau*

*Leré*, Lesueur is reproached with being too dramatic in his masses, and not sufficiently so in his operas. The truth is he wrote his scores for sacred music a little in the style of those destined for the stage, and thus what seemed theatrical in a place of worship would have been in its right place on the stage, and what might have been strictly suitable to a church would be deemed too slow for the theatre.

#### Improvements in Key-Boards of Pianofortes and other Instruments.

There is no doubt that at the present time the manufacture of pianofortes has reached a very high degree of perfection, and that some of our American squares, and even a few of our grands, can very well compete with the best made in Europe. While the attention of the manufacturers has been called to a great many different points, it is surprising that an improvement in key-boards has escaped them. This is so much more remarkable, if we come to consider how the key-board, has been originated and transferred to the pianoforte. It has been derived from the organ. At first the organ was played, not by pressing down the keys with the fingers, but by beating them with the fist. As the note C was made the basis of the natural scale, and most of the church music was written in C major, it was found convenient to place all the keys of this scale on one level; consequently, when, later, the sharps (black keys) were added, only half of the length of whole key could be given to them, and thus was caused the denomination of half or semi-tones. These sharps could only be placed in groups of 2 and 3, which, even, after it had become a habit to play with the fingers, instead as formerly, with the fist, did not improve much the art of playing. The only thing that could be said in favor of these groups was, that they would be easily seen and distinguished, an advantage which might have been achieved in many other ways. The system of groups causes difficulties with regard to the fingering of the different scales, and makes the execution of certain chords in a rapid tempo almost impossible. All intervals, extending an octave, the legato playing of which is of such high importance in reference to the melody as well as the accompaniment, can not be produced on the key-board of the pianoforte, and compositions for the orchestra can only be played after having been narrowed down to the limited space of the present system. To overcome these difficulties by the use of the pedal, has not only caused great labor to the pupil, but in many instances spoiled his taste, giving him the queer notion to find only that beautiful what is difficult. Finally, the anatomical construction of the hands facilitates the movements of the fingers, if they are kept close and the arms rest quiet, while the system of our present key-board makes it necessary to keep the fingers always stretched, and to move sometimes even very suddenly, the arms to the right and to the left.

When this system of the key-board was applied from the organ to the spinet and clavichord, and from these to the pianoforte, the theory of music was very little developed. Some of the most important intervals were not known at all, and were introduced at a later period. Even the tuning of such instruments could only be done partly, so that it was impossible to play pieces in all the clefs on the same instrument, because all the notes could not be brought to such a purity of tone as was pleasant to the ear. Only after the exertions of such men as Eubert, Rameau, and Lambert, towards the middle of the 18th century, who, combining knowledge of music with that of mathematics, succeeded in finding out a perfect musical temperature, carried out by practical tuners, it became impossible to compose and play pieces in all the clefs. And only then could the celebrated composer, J. S. Bach, write the series of Preludes and Fugues, known under the title: "Le clavecin bien tempéré," by which title was at once indicated that the work contained pieces written in all the clefs. Since this great master, in his unsurpassed compositions, has laid

\* The inhabitants of Abbeville have set up a statue to Lesueur in one of their public places.

† Deborah—Oratorio. 1823.

the foundation of the modern pianoforte playing, the latter has been brought to a very high degree of perfection, so much so, that most of the classical works of the old masters are now set aside as being too simple. In spite of all this, our system of the key-board is still the same. It is true, a very few attempts at improvement have been made, but without any kind of success, for they were founded upon the overthrowing of the whole system, a thing which is quite impossible, considering that all our pianoforte music is based upon it.

In the latest improvement of this kind, this great block in the way of all inventions applied to the key-board, has been avoided. Mr. Schümann, from Berlin, now residing among us, has hit upon a plan which leaves the whole system of the key-board quite unaltered, being only an addition to it, that can be used by the player according to his own discretion, and with which he can become acquainted in a very little time. After a short practice he will be able to play the chromatic scale *sliding*, which cannot be done on the present pianoforte. How important this is, can be easily learnt from the fact, that the chromatic scale belongs to every clef, and that the possibility of producing with ease the *glissando* chromatic scale, will give to the performer the means of adding to the effect of light and shade in his playing. The sliding can be done with one or both hands, in octaves or any other combinations, upwards and downwards. With the same facility, as the simple chromatic scale, the pianist can play chromatic passages of minor and major thirds or fourths, minor and major sixths of octaves, and also chromatic successions of chord as for instance the sixth, including the third, the octave including the third, the chord of the diminished seventh, shortly, every chromatic passage of every description. Triads or other harmonic combinations can be executed either chromatically or in keys, requiring sharps and flats with much greater facility than at present, setting aside the complicated fingering now in use, and bringing the different clefs to the same level as the C major. This invention will be undoubtedly welcome to composers as well as performers, on account of the old key-board remaining unchanged, and of the new resources which is offered to them by the addition. We hear that the latter will increase the price of the pianoforte only a trifle.—*Musical Review and World.*

#### A Gossip about Organs.

We wonder how many, out of the thousands to whom the tones of the organ are so familiar, ever giving more than a passing thought to it, or reflect on the science and skill that have been lavished on it from the times of the reed-pipes of the ancients up till now, when it has become the most gigantic and complex musical instrument of modern times. Indeed, many amateurs, fond as they are of music, and of church-music in particular, are surprised when they begin to find out what a vast amount of machinery is packed into such a small compass, and what a number of abstruse and scientific principles have to be attended to before they can extract even one sweet sound. The earliest organ was probably nothing more than a series of reeds blown by the mouth, a proceeding which was found so tiresome, that it was not long before the bellows came into use so as to ensure constant supply of wind; but even then it was only a rudiment of the present instrument, since it was not till the eleventh century that a keyboard was first added to the one in Magdeburgh Cathedral. Here was an epoch in the history of sacred music, the lowest step of that platform of divine harmony which has since risen in such noble strains, and which is still ever ascending. What masters in the art have played out their lives since then, filling the world with the glorious creations of their genius!

It will not be uninteresting to the general reader if we endeavor to sketch briefly the manner in which the interior of the organ is arranged—the popular notion of all that is necessary being, some pipes, wind, and a person to play. After all, this may be simple definition; but the curious and compact way in which so much delicate workmanship is put together is surely worthy of little attention. Of course there is every variety both in size, volume and cost; but we will take a sample of the ordinary church-organ and examine it at our leisure. What is generally

called a good sized one would be more correctly spoken of as three or four harmoniously put together into a case, and not only involving distinct sets of pipes, but also distinct sets of keys upon which to play. Thus, in one case, we have frequently three, and in very large organs, four sets of finger-keys, or manuals, termed the great, the swell, and the choir organs; while the corresponding set to be played by the feet are called pedals. The grand desideratum, the wind, was always supplied by bellows, of course; but even in this point, immense improvements have been effected. Bellows are of two kinds, diagonal and horizontal; the former so called, because, when blown, one end ascends while the other is stationary, giving it a wedge-like appearance, while the horizontal bellows always preserves an uniformly level surface.

Almost all the old organs were fitted with the first kind, but the inconvenience was that the supply of wind was so irregular as to necessitate the use of several pairs (the organ at St. Sulpice, in Paris, having actually fourteen), whereas one pair of horizontal bellows is equivalent to at least half-a-dozen of the diagonal species. The wind which has been collected is then distributed by wooden pipes, termed wind-trunks, into a shallow box or wind chest, where it accumulates ready for more minute dispersion to the various portions of the instrument. Now the mechanism becomes a little more intricate. The roof of the wind-chest is formed by what is called the sounding-board, on which are a certain number of grooves or channels perforated with holes, so as to allow of the conducting of the wind to the several pipes. Nevertheless, as matters stand at present, the moment that the wind is introduced, all the pipes would speak at once, to obviate which a movable piece of wood, or sounding-pallet is inserted in the groove, the control over it being exercised by means of a wire connected with the key-note; the result is, that when the note is pressed, the wire acts on the pallet, allowing the air to escape into that particular groove, and thus produces a musical note, or, we may say, notes; for, as there are several pipe-holes to each groove, all those pipes would sound simultaneously. This, however, is prevented by a series of sliders, perforated in such a manner as to correspond with the holes of the sounding-board, and table below it, and by this means all the pipes not wanted can be shut off at will. The keys of the manuals are connected with the sounding-pallets by rather complicated mechanism, into which it would be tedious to enter now, although it does not always follow that they must be close to each other, an instance of which Mr. Hopkins tells us, is to be found in Prince Albert's organ at Windsor, where the keys are placed twenty two feet from the rest of the instrument, while in that of the Church of St. Alessandro, there is a long movement of 115 feet.

We must not forget to mention, ere we go any further, that the sliders which admit or shut the wind off from the pipes, being all placed inside, and out of the reach of the player, are controlled externally by the use of the draw-stop; and, as everybody knows, the size of an organ is generally estimated by the number of the stops. Those that are apportioned to each manual of the organ, are usually acted upon only by the keys of that manual, but by the invention of the coupler, the stops of any two manuals can be brought into connection; for instance, we see in descriptions of organs, swell coupler to great, or choir to great, &c., implying that by this means the swell or choir manuals can be brought under the same action as the great.

It is obvious that a tremendous power is thus put into the hands of the performer, who is able at will to pile up Pelion on Ossa, and thunder forth his music to the loudest. As another instance of economizing in the labor of playing, we may mention the composition pedals by which a certain number of stops are pulled out simultaneously with the working of the pedal, without the necessity of the organist taking his hands off from the keys.

The most important department of the organ is that of the pipes, a department of all others which shows the particular stamp of the builder, the most eminent of whom can often be recognized by their tone.

Pipes are divided into two classes, those made of metal and those of wood; the metal being either of pure tin or a compound of tin and lead.

Mr. Walker is very fond of using a composition called spotted metal, in which there is about one-third of tin; and very nice it looks, particularly for front speaking pipes, where no money can be afforded for external decorations. Both metal and wooden pipes vary considerably in shape and size, depending entirely on the quality and quantity of sound to be produced, and the ingenuity expended upon them may be imagined when, as in the Panopticon organ,

sixty stops have to be inserted, implying an aggregate of 4,000 pipes. The swell is simply a smaller organ contained in the large one, and shut up in a box, the front of which works like a Venetian blind, allowing the sound to increase or diminish as the shutters are moved up or down; but, in small instruments, with only one row of keys, a substitute is used, of a large shutter placed immediately behind the show or speaking pipes, and worked in the same way by a pedal.

The first European organ of which we have any account, appears to have been sent to Pepin, king of the Franks, by the Byzantine emperor, Constantine, in 737. It must have been queer concern, for it was not until the end of the eleventh century that the key-board was introduced, each key being five inches wide, so as to allow them to be beaten down by the fist. Indeed even so late as 1529, we find that a new organ was bought for Holbeach, in Lincolnshire, for the magnificent sum of £3, 6s. 8d.; and a still more splendid one put up in Trinity College, Oxford, a few years later, for £10. Now-a-days the competition amongst our English towns as to which shall have the finest organ, has run the prices up to £3000 or £4000. It is curious to observe how many continental cathedrals have more than one instrument; and, in fact, it is unusual to find church of any size without two or more. That of St. Antonio, at Padua, has four large ones; while St. Mark, at Venice, has two large, and four small portable ones, which can be easily moved about; and, if we recollect rightly, there are also six in the cathedral at Seville.

Their usual position in English churches was in the gallery at the west end, facing the communion-table, and in cathedrals between the nave and choir,—a situation, by the way which came into fashion after the Reformation, and so far objectionable, that it interferes sadly with the general view; but in most new churches they are generally placed upon a little above the ground floor, either in the chancel or at the side of the choir. In the Lutheran church at Dresden, the chapels at Versailles and the Tuilleries and at Little Stanmore, near Edgeware, the organs are put at the east end, just over the communion-table; while in the church at Courtray, it is divided into two portions, so as to allow a window to be visible in the middle, while the keys and bellows are placed underneath it.

There is a striking difference in the appearance of the organ cases of the present day, as compared with the earlier ones. All the decoration now is expended on the outside pipes, which are painted and illuminated in a manner wonderful to behold; while the old builders lavished their taste on the carving of the wood. Indeed, this was often carried to a ludicrous extent, particularly in an organ alluded to by Hopkins, who tells us, that not content with innumerable carvings of angels and heavenly hosts, the inventive artist added trumpets and kettle-drums, which were played by the same angels, while a conductor with a huge pair of wings beat time. To such a pitch was this extravagance carried, that there was even one stop, which when pulled out, caused a fox's tail to fly out into the face of the inquisitive meddler. Of more chaste appearance than these are the organ in the church of St. Nicholas, at Prague, in which all the ornaments and framework are of white marble, and that in the Escorial, at Madrid, said to be of solid silver.

Instruments are considerably cheaper than they used to be; for we are told that Father Smith, the most celebrated of the old builders, had £2000 for the organ in St. Paul's which had only 28 stops; while for a trumpet stop in Chichester Cathedral, Bedford was paid £50. We must remember, however, that many are only half stops, that is, furnished with pipes for half the notes, whereas these old ones always ran through the complete scale. For many years the Haarlem organ, which cost £10,000, was considered the largest and most complete in the world; but it has been frequently surpassed, both in size and tone. It contains 60 sounding stops, and 4088 pipes, one of which is 15 inches in diameter and 40 feet long; but in the Birmingham Town Hall there is one of 12 feet in circumference, which measures 224 cubic feet in the interior. The organ in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, has 8000 pipes and upwards of 100 stops; and we imagine that the one at Leeds is still larger. An ingenious method of blowing this last is in use, viz., by hydraulic power—a room underneath being reserved for the water apparatus, which costs comparatively little, and rarely gets out of order. It is the invention of Mr. Joy, of Leeds, and an immense boon to the performer, who can play for any length of time on the full organ without feeling himself dependent on manual labor. The Panopticon organ, built by Hill, and the most complete in London, is worked by steam power, and

possesses four manuals, to each of which duplicates are attached, allowing two or three persons to play at once. In the arrangement of notes, however, the Temple organ is the most peculiar, as it contains 14 sounds to the octave, whereas most organs have only 12. The blowing apparatus at Seville is worked by a man walking backwards and forwards over an inclined plane balanced in the middle, along which he has to pass ten times before the bellows are filled.

It is useful to know, in cases where funds are deficient or uncertain, that it is by no means necessary to have the instrument complete at once; for, at a small extra expense, spare accommodations can be provided, and spare sliders for stops, which can be filled in at any time.

In many very small churches, the Scudamore organ, containing only one stop, is very handy, and quite powerful enough to lead the congregation—besides having the merit of being extremely cheap, viz. only £25. Anything is better than the old barrel-organ, which we are happy to think is rapidly becoming extinct; for no church music could expect to undergo improvement with such a hopeless piece of machinery,—not to mention the freaks which a barrel of ill-regulated wind would sometimes perform—like the one that started off by itself in the middle of the sermon, and had to be taken out ignominiously into the churchyard and left there to play itself hoarse. We hope that the time will come when no parish, however small, will be without its organ, or at least a harmonium, feeling assured that church-music, although not the principal thing in our service, is yet of too much importance to be, as we fear it often is, utterly neglected.—G. P. BEVAN.—N. Y. *Albion*, Sept. 7.

MUSIC AS AMUSEMENT OF THE HOME.—What shall the amusements of the home be?

Where there is the ability and taste, I regard music—as combining in happiest proportions instruction and pleasure—as standing at the head of the home evening enjoyments. What a never-failing resource have those homes which God has blessed with this gift! How many pleasant family circles gather nightly about the piano, how many a home is vocal with the voice of song or psalm! In other days, in how many village homes the father's viol led the domestic harmony, and sons with clarinet or flute or manly voice, and daughters sweetly and clearly filling in the intervals of sound, made a joyful noise! There was then no piano, to the homes of this generation the great, the universal boon and comforter. One pauses and blesses it, as he hears it through the open farm-house window, or detects its sweetness stealing out amid the jargons of the city, an angel's benison upon the wilderness of discord, soothing the weary brain, lifting the troubled spirit, pouring fresh strength into the tired body, waking to worship, lulling to rest. Touched by the hand we love, a mother, sister, wife,—say, is it not a minister of love to child, to man,—a household deity, now meeting our moods, answering to our needs, sinking to depths we cannot fathom, rising to heights we cannot reach, leading, guiding, great and grand and good, and now stooping to our lower wants, the very frolic of our souls reverberating from its keys? The home that has a piano—what capacity for evening pleasure and profit has it! Alas that so many wives and mothers should speak of their ability to play as a mere accomplishment of the past, and that children should grow up looking on the piano as a thing unwisely kept for company and show!—Rev. J. F. W. Ware.

VINCENT NOVELLO.—A loss of an honorable and honored musician is announced in the obituary of the week—the departure of the patriarch, Vincent Novello, which took place at Nice a few days since. He was aged eighty. By descent an Italian, the larger part of his life and his professional career were passed in London; where his sound musical knowledge and his command over the organ (then not common in England) enabled him to do valuable service to his art. Especially was this rendered in the naturalization of sacred music of the great Italian and German writers belonging to the Roman Catholic Church. The Masses of Mozart, Haydn, Hummel, and many writers less known,—still meriting to be known,—owe the largest share of their introduction in a complete form to Mr. Novello's editorship, and to their performance in the Spanish chapel to which he was during many years attached. He was also an influential member of the Council of the Philharmonic Society, in the days when to belong to the same was a European distinction. He composed much; but what he produced was rather the work of an honest and temperate musician, perfectly trained, than the product of genius. That he was esteemed as a man,—that his society was culti-

vated beyond the verge of his own profession,—will be seen (to name but one instance) in the Letters of Elia. He had a numerous family; and to their distinction in his own art, and in the world of letters, it would be superfluous to advert. No common respect is implied to our farewell to one of the most sterling musicians of the old school whom this country has possessed as a resident.—*Athenaeum*.

MANY PARTS AND MANY TIMES.—\* \* Glance now at the list of operas in which Madame Grisi has sustained characters, with the number of times she has played in each in London. "La Gazza Ladra," 47; "Anna Bolena," 38; "Otello," 36; "Il Don Giovanni," 82; "La Donna del Lago," 21; "L'Assedio di Corinto," 11; "Semiramide," 41; "Il Barbieri," 38; "La Sonnambula," 18; "Marino Faliero," 8; "I Puritani," 92; "Prova d'un Opera," 21; "Norma," 79; "I Briganti," 5; "Il Matrimonio Segreto," (Caroline,) 10; "Malek Adel," 7; "Ildegrund," 2; "Parsifal," 6; "Nozze di Figaro," 22; "Falstaff," 4; "Lucrezia Borgia," 97; "Il Giuramento," 9; "Il Matrimonio Segreto," (Lisetta) 9; "Fausta," 2; "Roberto Devereux," 6; "Don Pasquale," 29; "Cenerentola," 3; "Don Carlos," 5; "Corrado d'Altamura," 1; "Il Pirata," 6; "I Lombardi," 11; "I due Foscari," 3; "La Favorita," 26; "Les Huguenots," 78; "Roberto il Diavolo," 12; "Il Flautista Magico," 3; "Le Prophete," 9; "Il Trovatore," 13.

Some 900 and odd nights are thus accounted for, spread over twenty-seven operatic seasons! For so many years has Madame Grisi been singing in London, on an average of about thirty nights a year.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of "The Hymn of Praise," (Lobgesang,) a Cantata by Mendelssohn.

### Editorial Correspondence.

No. XX.

LONDON, Aug. 3.

The Opera at Covent Garden, after prolonging its season through a great many "extra nights," outlasting all the concerts for about a month, will close to-night with a performance of the "Prophet." I am not dying to hear that again, and had rather let last evening's fresh impression be the last of my operatic memories in London. For then we had something worthy to conclude a "season," something to remember the opera by satisfactorily, that one cares not to have that memory overlaid by anything of Meyerbeer or Verdi. It was the opera of operas, the one which wears best with true music-lovers—and with no public more than with that of London—*Don Giovanni*. This shall be my last as it had been my first, opera in London—the alpha and omega, and likewise the middle of my Covent Garden record. Eight times has Mozart's master work been given here since the commencement of the season in the first week in April, and every time to crowded and enthusiastic audiences.

And such an audience is a sight to see! From the hospitable box in the corner by the stage your eye commands the whole; you look down on the brilliant rows of comfortable "pit stalls," guinea seats all elegantly occupied, which take up the whole width and depth of the parterre, except a starveling segment in the very rear where thirty or forty stall-less people can have "pit" *pure et simple*, the condensed quintessence of it, for seven shillings; a few feet higher, the enclosing circle of "pit boxes," nodding and smiling and fanning with beauty and with fashion; then, just below you, the "grand tier" of nobility, et cetera, a sacred circle, closed to the non-elect, a broad, bright zodiac that hoops the heavens round at

mid height, beginning over the way there with the Royal box, which (to the credit of all concerned) is distinguished from the others only by its width, and not, as on the continent, by tawdry display of crowns and other gilding to remind you that the house and the fullness thereof are the King's or the Grand Duke's; then lifting your eyes (or lorgnette) to their natural level, you may contemplate another circle, of which you are a happy atom, called the "first circle" (of mere humans), and which vies in animated charms with either sphere or circle of the blest below, whether they be noble or be human: and then upward to another lustrous circle; and uppermost of all, most noteworthy of all, and most significant, a great space opening far back behind the sun (read chandelier), row rising behind row as far as glass can reach, all densely packed with heads, like seeds in the capsule of a sunflower, the "amphitheatre," where sit the people. There are the real lovers of *Don Juan*: these taste an immortality in Mozart's music; it hath a zest of present heaven for them, and causeth their faces to shine; there is more meaning than we think in the theatrical cant term "gods of the gallery." Not that other portions of the house were dull or inaccessible to Mozart, or that musical motives were not the ruling ones in more than one of the fashionable constellations hanging in those circles; but the focus of appreciative response and enjoyment was evidently up there among "the gods;" and it is a curious fact, and creditable to English musical taste, that on the "Don Giovanni" nights, the "Tell" nights, &c., the amphitheatre is always crowded, while the *Traviatas*, *Rigolettes*, and that sort of thing, are taken under the more exclusive wing of rank and fashion, which "subscribe" and call for such. A *Don Giovanni* night is emphatically a people's night. What I have chanced to witness has, I am told, been equally characteristic of the entire season; of the seventy-four performances, the eight of *Don Giovanni*, the nine of "William Tell," the five or six of *Il Barbieri* have been those which have seen the amphitheatre and all the cheaper places the best filled. Of course the attraction of favorite singers—especially of the rising star, the "bright particular," young Adelina Patti, has also had its influence on the popular tide, apart from the intrinsic interest of the composer and the piece. But most preferred to hear and see this gifted maiden as *Zerlina*, as *Rosina* (in spite of some defects), or as *Amina*—in three operas whose charm as music never can wear out—to being made patient with the platitudes of *Marta* and *La Traviata* by the redeeming personality of such a pleasing little body. And who compose the crowd up there? Partly, largely, no doubt, the Germans, who seem to be almost as numerous in London as in New York; for they have heard Mozart's great work more times in their life perhaps than any other class, and therefore love it better; but also a great many, a majority of English born. It is no mob, answering to the "ground-lings" of the theatres of old; they are well-dressed, respectable and polite people; the front rows indeed present a goodly show of elegance and beauty. There are three grades of seats there, at prices of 7 shillings, 5 shillings, and 2s. 6d.

The theatre itself is well suited to the display, as well as to the convenience, of such a brilliant audience. Although it is said to be architec-

let us  
under  
let us  
under  
let us  
under  
sf

night, ...  
Nacht,  
The Die night  
The Die night  
The Die night  
sf

A musical score for piano and voice. The piano part is in the bass clef, and the vocal part is in the soprano clef. The vocal line consists of the lyrics "ing, gen," repeated three times, with a final "ing, gen." The piano part features a bass line and a harmonic progression. The score is in common time and includes a key signature of one sharp.

50

let us gird... on the ar... mour of light!  
und er - grei - fen die waf - fen des lichts!  
let us gird... on the ar... mour of light!  
und er - grei - fen die waf - fen des lichts!  
let us gird... on the ar... mour of light!  
und er - grei - fen die waf - fen des lichts!

The  
Dir

A musical score for 'The Night is Young' by Irving Berlin. The score consists of two staves of music with lyrics. The first staff starts with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key of A major. The lyrics are: 'the die Nacht ist ver - ga -'. The second staff starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key of A major. The lyrics are: 'die Nacht ist ver - ga -'. The music includes various dynamics like forte, piano, and sforzando, and a repeat sign with a 'C' and 'D' above it.

Die Nacht ..... ist ver - gan

The musical score for 'The Die' section of 'The Night' is shown. The vocal line consists of a single melodic line on a single staff. The lyrics are: 'The Die', 'night.', 'Nacht.', 'is', 'de - part', 'ist', 'ver - gan'. The notes are primarily eighth notes, with some sixteenth notes and rests. The vocal line is supported by a harmonic line consisting of eighth-note chords.

A blank musical staff consisting of five horizontal lines and four spaces, starting with a clef and a key signature.

die Nacht,.....

the night

A musical score page featuring a staff with a single note and a fermata, followed by a blank staff.

die Niedt,.....

the night  
Nacht

A musical score page showing a staff with various notes and rests, including a long eighth note and a sixteenth note.

A blank musical staff consisting of five horizontal lines and four spaces. It begins with a treble clef (G-clef) and a key signature of one sharp (F#). There are no notes or other markings on the staff.

night is de - part - ing,  
 Nacht ist ver - gan - gen,  
 night is de - part - ing,  
 Nacht ist ver - gan - gen,  
 night is de - part - ing, the night..... is de - part -  
 Nacht ist ver - gan - gen, die Nacht..... ist ver - gan -  
 The day..... is ap - proach - ing,  
 der Tag..... ist ge - kom - men,  
 - ing, - gen, the night..... is de -  
 - ing, - gen, die Nacht..... ist ver -  
 - ing, - gen, the night..... is de -  
 - ing, - gen, die Nacht..... ist ver -  
 the night..... is de - part - ing.  
 die Nacht..... ist ver - gan - gen.  
 the night..... is de - part - ing.  
 die Nacht..... ist ver - gan - gen.  
 part - gan - gen, de - part - ing.  
 ver - gan - gen, de - part - ing.

## No. 8. CHORAL.

Andante con moto. M. M. ♩ = 84.

mf

Let all men praise the Lord, In wor - ship low - ly bend - ing, On  
Nun dan - ket al - le Gott, mit Her - zen, Mund und Hän - den, der

mf

Let all men praise the Lord, In wor - ship low - ly bend - ing, On  
Nun dan - ket al - le Gott, mit Her - zen, Mund und Hän - den, der

mf

His most ho - ly word; Re - deem'd from woe de - pend - ing, He gra - cious is, and  
sich in al - ler Noth will gnä - dig zu uns wen - den, der so viel Gu - tes

mf

His most ho - ly word; Re - deem'd from woe de - pend - ing, He gra - cious is, and  
sich in al - ler Noth will gnä - dig zu uns wen - den, der so viel Gu - tes

*cres.*

just, From childhood us doth lead, On him we place our trust, And hope in time of  
that; Von Kin - des - bei - nen an uns hiebt in sei - ner Hut, und al - len wohl - ge-  
*cres.*

just, From childhood us doth lead, On him we place our trust, And hope in time of  
that; Von Kin - des - bei - nen an uns hiebt in sei - ner Hut, und al - len wohl - ge-  
*cres.*



turally inferior to the house that was burnt down and which it suddenly replaced, and although the auditorium has no peculiarly artistic aspect, yet it is spacious, elegant, light, cheerful, well ventilated and comfortable. The stage arrangements of course are on a very grand and complete scale, and vie with those of any other theatre in Europe.

And now for *Don Giovanni*. A magnificent orchestra, to begin with; and such a rendering of the overture, that no one could choose but listen and be penetrated, filled with the rich music and with unwillingness to lose a single note of what would follow. There is no orchestra in Europe more complete and choice in its material, or which gives out a more rich and beautiful *ensemble* of tone. The quality of the instruments, of the strings especially, is remarkably fine; every player is a virtuoso and happy in the possession of an instrument worthy of him, such as contributes a pure, warm, sympathetic tone to the euphonious whole. Such fine violas, 'cellos, double-basses, violins, taking the mass of them together, I think I have heard nowhere else, unless it were in Dresden, and there not so many of them. The average style of performance, too, at least in point of spirit, brilliancy, precision, power, richness of coloring, is not surpassed in Paris, Berlin, Dresden, or Vienna. The only fault is, that it rolls on in the glory of its full tide too triumphantly sometimes, and does not readily and instinctively subdue itself to the singer's voice. It is a brave orchestra, however, in the good sense of the word. And it has MICHAEL COSTA for conductor, who is a monarch in his way, and whose celebrity requires no justification. His air of quiet self-possession and authority, his ease and dignity of manner, albeit mingled with a little Neapolitan conceit, always give assurance. Although an Italian, long experience has made him cosmopolitan in music — has he not written an oratorio quite *a la* Mendelssohn? We have heard his *tempi* sometimes criticised; and so it has been with I dare say all conductors, not excepting Mendelssohn; and they do say that he is prone to hurry music which he does not like — a weakness which, considering how much trash he has at times to preside over, can be easily excused. The Verdi-ites, however, take it seriously. But, as the most nearly related sects in religion or politics quarrel the most sharply, so it is no wonder that South Italian and North Italian musicians do not belong to the same "mutual admiration society," and that Milan and Naples each regard the other as a Nazareth whence no musical good thing can come. But Costa not only possesses in himself the secret of musical expression, the true tradition of the Italian *cantabile*; he is a complete musician, and hence on neutral ground at least, in the great works of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, &c., you can only rely on his intelligent and conscientious and even *con amore* rendering. And to this neutral ground belong also such works of universally acknowledged genius as Rossini's operas, for it is a cheering fact that as far as regards real masterworks of genius, all controversy of "schools" is soon forgotten; it is only while the lesser deities reign, while second and third rate composers occupy the stage, while Meyerbeer and Verdi, Donizetti and Flotow, and Auber and Balfé, &c., are in question, that we hear or care about the Italian and

the German school, the new school and the old school, and what not. At all events, *Don Juan* is not an opera that would be likely to suffer under Costa's hands; it is a feast always for musicians like him and the members of his splendid orchestra; and doubtless every individual of those eighty or ninety knows every note of it by heart and could have played it through without a sheet before him. Of course the overture was played with unction. A good overture, as played by the Covent Garden orchestra is not a thing to go unheeded; it enforces attention; people cannot talk through it until the singers come.

And what a cast! In the *ensemble*, orchestra, chorus, stage effect, &c., the London opera may have competitors in other cities; but not in the principal singers; London wealth and musical ambition draw and keep here the greater number of the best. As *Donna Anna* we had Mme. PENCO, a bright and spirited Italian woman, with considerable dignity of person, and face resembling Tedesco, only not so fleshy. She has a good rich, even quality of voice, and sings all in an artist-like and well-schooled manner; not a great singer, but one in whom such a part does not essentially suffer. GRISI took *Donna Anna* in a preceding performance, and, worn as her voice is, and obliged as she was to transpose some of the music, she was really superb in it. She will never come upon the stage here again to sing it less well, having at last really taken her farewell both at the Opera and at the Crystal Palace.

The *Elvira* this time was indifferent: a young and pretty figure, with a bright and pretty voice, — Mme. ORTOLANI-TIBERINI. Mme. CSILLAG, her predecessor in this rôle, made, on the contrary, the most effective, finely conceived, and ladylike *Elvira* I have ever seen upon the stage. Csillag has rather an unmanageable organ, and is hardly a finished singer; but there is soul and passion in her every tone, look and motion; an artist in a high, poetic sense who never fails to interest. But the chief delight and admiration of the audience was "little PATTI" as the clever little witch and coquette of a peasant bride, *Zerlina*. And justly so. It was the most charming of all her charming impersonations; decidedly the most fascinating *Zerlina*, musically and dramatically, which I have seen since Bosio. It would be folly to expect in her the perfect singer we have lost in Bosio; yet she sang all the music simply, with pure style and expression, and with most felicitous and characteristic touches. The voice, which we had feared was growing old too fast from too much work in public, and too little time for rest and private study, had a delicate, fresh bloom upon it, that was delightful. It was only once, I think, that she indulged in an unmeaning cadenza or "embellishment" on Mozart's perfect melody; and that, probably, was the fault of some adviser; she seldom deviates from good taste and artistic truth where she is allowed to go alone; her instinct seems unerring. In recitative, in the easy, conversational Italian *parlando*, she is singularly fine for such a child. Her acting of the part was full of life and nature, amusingly original, the by-play incessant, and helping out the significance of every scene in which she was on the stage. For instance, the wonder and delight with which she (and her *Masetto* with her) gazes round on the splendors of *Don Juan's* ball room, and the timidity with which she sinks into the

luxury of one of those incredible chairs! Best of all, her exquisite coquetry in *Batti, batti*, with her offended simpleton of a bridegroom. Happy for her here to be so exquisitely mated! Happy for the public too! Is not that a nice cast indeed, in which the commonly considered small part of *Masetto* is given to no less an artist than RONCONI? In his hands it becomes really a great serio-comic part. His voice to be sure is *passé*, painfully "dilapidated" (to use a common figure of critics, who seem to suppose that voices are built up like stone walls, or put together like mosaics). But as a singer, he is thoroughly an artist; and as an actor, especially in comedy, he is inimitable and irresistible, as full of the quick "heat lightning" of suggestion as if he were always improvising his part under a happy inspiration. Yet it may be a question whether he is not prone to run it into too broad farce. But he contrives to maintain his dignity with refined publics, and no one thinks of Ronconi as a buffoon. He has earned and is not likely to forfeit the character of artist, and is mentioned as among his peers with Mario and Tamberlik and Lablache, &c. Such an old *Masetto* and such a young *Zerlina* were natural provocatives of many happy, unexpected traits of naturalness and humor.

It would be superfluous labor for me here to enter into a detailed analysis of Patti's *Zerlina*, or of any of the parts, since the *Journal of Music* has no doubt copied some of the very just and graphic remarks of the *Times* and other London critics. A few words only of the other leading singers. The *Don Giovanni* was M. FAURE, a refined, effective baritone, who always sings and acts well, and whose impersonation of that most difficult rôle has more life and gentlemanly ease, is more free from absurdity, vulgarity, overdoing or underdoing, than any one that I remember. Not a great singer, but a sterling and invaluable one for parts like *Tell* and *Don Giovanni*. The familiar figure of CARL FORMES was the first to greet us when the curtain rose. His *Leporello* is after the common German fashion: capital in all the earlier scenes, but altogether too farcically grotesque in the last scene to comport with the sublime terrors of the supernatural visitation and the music. He sang as we have heard him "on the other side." The old *Commander*, the *Man of Marble*, was most impressively represented by Sig. TAGLIAFICO, who seems to be clever in all sorts of parts suited to a baritone, or even ponderous basso. The *Don Ottavio* was TAMBERLIK, — next to Mario, the greatest of all the tenors I have heard. But very different from Mario; his chief power lies in strong declamatory, impassioned, heroic parts; he is greatest in the *Tell* music, or as the *Prophet*. His voice is not as well preserved as Mario's, not as fresh and juicy, by no means as fine in its whole compass; but the tone is very resonant and marrowy and manly when he chooses, and he has the art to save his strength so as to strike with certainty in the important crises. His *Il mio tesoro* was very admirable; but his best service was in the accompanied recitative dialogue, and in the interwoven *ensembles*, where his rich, crisp tone always tells, and contributes its full worth to the harmony. He has a manly presence and a gentlemanly action. Such an Ottavio is not a nobody — and certainly Mozart has not given him the music of a nobody to sing.

The chorus, the *mise en scène*, ballet, and general treatment of the opera as a whole was splendidly complete, and worthy of such orchestra, such singers, such audience—and prices! I missed the usual inconsistencies and dead, unmeaning places in the action and stage presentation—usual, I mean, in America. The thing was a consistent whole; and more than ever did *Don Juan* seem to me the *universal opera*, typical of the whole story of human life. — It has spun itself into altogether too long a story in this letter, so I must leave "William Tell," the "Barber," &c., with a general summary, to another.

D.

## Musical Correspondence.

VIENNA, AUG. 18, 1861.—At last again in the old room, after much tossing about on sea and land—as we used to translate in the opening lines of the *Aeneid*—though the form of these tossings-about has certainly undergone no small change since the days of General *Aeneas* that old filibuster, his Pater Anchises and parvus *Iulus*. Crossing the channel by steam in some seven hours, where it is 64 miles wide (Newhaven to Dieppe), and then running up to Paris on a railroad, moving about the city in omnibuses, and finally spending a day or two on the Rhine and Danube on steamboats—these are matters rather out of the late P. Virgilius Maro's experience.

In the old room, Sunday morning, nine o'clock and bells ringing lustily, but whether to call people to the worship of the "Most High" or in honor of the "All Highest" (Allen Höchster) the former being the term applied to the Deity; the latter to German Kings and Emperors and the more important personages, I cannot make out. It is Francis Joseph's birthday and a cloud of smoke is rolling away yonder from the Glacis, caused by the volleys of thousands of muskets fired in his honor. So I am puzzled to know to whose honor these Sunday morning bells are ringing.

In the old room again, with what a heap of letters to be examined and answered! Let this be the apology to those who have waited for months for answers to their missives, viz., that I was, after leaving Vienna a year since, drawn from point to point by the prospect of new 'placers' of my sort of native gold, some of which proved very rich though others involved only loss of time and labor—and that I was continually expecting to be on my way back to Vienna and thought it hardly worth while to have my packages forwarded. By degrees arrearages shall be worked up.

In looking back over the time, which has elapsed since my last notes to the Journal, I see little or nothing that can lend interest to its columns, at least of musical matters.

In Paris where I remained a short time I heard no music and have no notes save of the doings of the few American painters, whom I still found there. Some have gone home, others were just going, others were away on summer tours.

In May's studio I found a picture of Michael Angelo leaving the Vatican nearly complete, figures half life size,—a magnificent portrait of Mad. de Podesta,—a girl at her toilet, life size, well advanced—and sketches for a large picture of Jews and Jewesses "by the rivers of Babylon."

Cranch has nearly or quite complete, two more of his Venetian grand Canal pictures, one of them a moonlight.

Dana has been making some changes in the effects of his "Excelsior," and has finished a fine scene on the Norman coast, and was on the point of fitting for the hot weather. I find on hunting up my former

notice of his doings, that an important point in relation to the proposed picture of the "Three Wise Men of Gotham," was omitted either through my own carelessness or that of the printer! That is, that he long since sketched it and only awaits an order to work it out on a large scale.

Boughton I found out at Ecouen, a village about a dozen miles north of Paris, busy in a peasant house, primitive enough, too—upon exquisite little pictures of the peasant women and children.

Thom was there also, in a large stable studio with young Frère and a painter on porcelain; in one corner Frère's horse, in another the porcelain man's furnace, floor of earth and everything to make it free, easy and jolly. Thom has a picture on his easel, cabinet size, of faggot gatherers in the woods in winter—a nice one it will be.

Yewell has just sent to America a group of boys after bathing, half dressed, one of them poking a crab from his hidingplace under a rock; has finished a picture of laborers in a wheat harvest field, and has two others sketched—one, people in a court-yard, time of Henry IV., listening to wandering musicians, the other a girl tantalizing a child with a bunch of grapes.

Babcock still continues, as the correspondent of the Tribune once said of him to steal the most brilliant colors of the precious stones and fix them upon canvass. He has a small picture just about finished of young women singing, with colors as gorgeous as Beethoven's harmonies.

A. W. T.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

By our last letters from Mr. DWIGHT, we were advised that he had taken passage in the Great Eastern, which was to have sailed Sept. 10th. We trust, therefore, before our next issue, to have the pleasure of welcoming him home, in which we doubt not that our readers will share.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE.—Our readers will take notice of the advertisement of this lady in another column. We have often referred to her public performances and to her success as an instructor of pupils, and can now only repeat what we have said before in commanding her to the notice of the public.

We desire to call the attention of the parents of musical children to Mr. ZERRAHN'S advertisement. The vocal classes which this gentleman proposes to re-open this season have been a success in every respect last winter, and a source of much pleasure as well as of valuable information to the pupils.

Our New York Correspondent desires our readers to know that he did not intend, in his last letter, to call the Princess Clothilde a "dumb," but a *devout* attendant at church. In the same letter, for Mme. Beyer, read *Berger*.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have received a new member, Mr. GOERING, who has just arrived here from Hamburg, where he was engaged by Mr. AUGUST FRIES, to take the place filled during their last season by Mr. ZOHLER. We hope the Club may be as successful and fortunate in their next series of concerts as they were in their last winter's season.

It is stated that VERDI's new opera composed for St. Petersburg, is founded upon a drama entitled "Don Alvaro La forza del destino," written by Angelo de Saavedra Duke de Rivas, a Spanish author of the 18th century.

M. SALVI, the director of the opera at Vienna, proposes to lower the diapason to the normal diapason of Paris. He is also about to substitute iron

chairs and desks in the orchestra, for the wooden ones commonly used, in order to gain some acoustic advantages of sonority.

NORMAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC AT GENESSEO, N. Y.—A correspondent of the *Union* gives an account of this institution. He speaks as follows of the head of the Academy:

"The President of this Academy is Mr. C. Bassini, of whose system of vocal instruction I wish more particularly to speak. It is of itself worth far more than the price of the tuition, for it affords what cannot possibly be obtained elsewhere. Mr. Bassini is the author or inventor of a system for training the voice which is rapidly superseding all others, because it is the only one in which the mechanism of the voice is properly taken into account and scientifically treated. I do not give my own opinion merely, but the verdict of all capable, impartial judges, when I say that this is the *only true system*, and that all others are false or deficient except so far as they may practically embody his ideas. Though this assertion may at first seem extravagant, yet it can easily be understood when it is remembered that nature usually has but one law in such matters which many may partially understand before the person arises who is fully to interpret it. But whatever correct ideas may have before been advanced on the subject, they are so mixed with error that they can in no proper sense be regarded as rivals of the same system. It is but just, then, to rank Mr. Bassini as the founder of the only method which will bring out the powers and resources of the voice exactly as nature intended them. And how wonderful that system is those can best testify who have given it the most thorough trial. Mr. Bassini himself affords, perhaps, the best illustration of the remarkable results of his own method of instruction. The system which permits so delicate an instrument as the voice to be incessantly used, as he has his for many years, more than ten hours every day, and, in all that time, to keep completely at bay that great common enemy of singers, a "sore throat," must, indeed, be a wonderful one, and very different from anything the world has heretofore been accustomed to.

The result of the same method when applied to others was most satisfactorily shown in the performance last week by the class at the academy, of Rossini's celebrated work, the "Stabat Mater." This truly classical and difficult work was rehearsed only a short time toward the close of the term, yet it is asserted by competent judges that the rendering was far superior to the best ever given by the most celebrated societies of New York city and elsewhere. The reason of this is obvious. Every voice had been trained according to the same system, separately as well as with the class, and having thus been drilled singly, in company, in regiment and in division, under so experienced a general as Mr. Bassini, it is not surprising that they should have carried the audience by storm and gained an overwhelming victory. Miss Phelps, of this city, who was some time a pupil of Bassini, added much to the pleasure of the audience by her assistance."

The following "on dit" is not fresh, but is nevertheless good:

A millionaire of Paris wrote to Scribe: "My dear sir, I have a great desire to be associated with you in some dramatic composition. Will you do me the favor to write a comedy, and permit me to add to it a few lines of my own? I will then have it produced in the most costly and splendid style upon the stage at my own expense, and we will share the glory?" To which Scribe answers; "My dear sir, I must decline your flattering proposal because religion teaches me that it is not proper that a horse and an ass should be yoked together. To which the millionaire replied; "Sir, I have received your impudent epistle. By what authority do you call me a horse?"

A letter from Rome, in the *London Daily News*, says that Miss Harriet Hosmer, of whom America is justly proud, has completed her fine colossal statue of Colonel Benton, to be erected in bronze at St. Louis, when it shall have been cast by the Munich

foundry, to which the mould will soon be consigned. It also says that Miss Hosmer will be nobly represented at the Great Exhibition in London next year by her statue of the Captive Queen Zenobia.

**MUSIC AS A MEANS OF PRESERVING HEALTH.**—It is the opinion of our distinguished townsman, Dr. Rush, that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of healthy exercise, should be cultivated, not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady, and states, that besides its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. “I here introduce a fact,” says Dr. Rush, “which has been subjected to me by my profession—it is, that the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing contributes to defend them very much from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting of blood amongst them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education.”

This is irrefutable testimony, but that which follows is not the less so:

“The music-master of an academy,” says Mr. Gardner, “has furnished me with an observation still more in favor of this opinion. He informs me that he has known several instances of persons, strongly disposed to consumption, restored to health by the exercise of the lungs in singing. In the new establishment of infant schools for children of three or four years of age, everything is taught by the aid of song. Their little lessons, their recitations, their arithmetical countings, are all chanted, and as they feel the importance of their own voices when joined together, they emulate each other in the power of vociferating. This exercise is found to be very beneficial to their health. Many instances have occurred of weakly children, of two, three, and four years of age, who could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and healthy by this constant exercise of the lungs. These results are perfectly philosophical. Singing tends to expand the chest, and thus increases the activity of the vital organs.”—*Fitzgerald's Report on Music in the Philadelphia Public Schools.*

## Music Abroad.

### London.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—The Royal Italian Opera closed its fifteenth season on Saturday, Aug. 3, with the *Prophète*—the opera with which it was inaugurated; Mad. Nantier-Didié, for the first time in England, essaying the part of Fides, to which she owes most of her laurels in Russia. In the absence of Mad. Czillag, who was obliged to leave London to fulfil a continental engagement, a better substitute could hardly be found than the clever French artist, who invariably commands our respect, although sometimes failing to elicit our highest admiration. In Fides she had to contend against the recollections of Viardot Garcia, Grisi, Alboni, Tedesco, and Czillag,—a powerful array of talent, which, nevertheless, she encountered without a positive overthrow, which could not be affirmed of all artists who have impersonated the character. The execution of Meyerbeer's grand work was admirable; Signor Tamberglik, not for the first time during the season, carrying off the chief laurels. The Jean of Leyden of the accomplished tenor is now one of the most striking performances of the lyric stage.

**FREEMASONS' HALL.**—An amateur performance of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* (“Lobgesang”) and a miscellaneous concert took place in the above Hall, on the evening of Tuesday, July the 16th, under the direction of the Hon. Seymour Egerton. The band and chorus consisted of more than one hundred performers; and the Hon. Victoria Grosvenor presided at the organ. The following is the programme *in extenso*, with the names of the singers attached:

**PART I.**—No. 1, Sinfonia; No. 2, Cantata; Chorus; Solo and Chorus, Miss E. Browne; Recitation and Aria, Dr. Lavies; Chorus; Duet and Chorus, Miss E. Browne and Lady Agneta Yorke; Aria and Recit, Mr. Cleather; Chorus; Chorale; Duet, Miss E. Browne and Mr. Cleather; Chorus.

**PART II.**—Overture (William Tell), Rossini; Coro con Soli, “La Carita,” Rossini, Lady Agneta Yorke; Violin Solo, “Souvenirs de Bellini,” Arrot, Hon. S. Egerton; Quartet, (Martha), Flotow, Mrs.

Ronalds, Lady Katharine Egerton, Mr. Cleather, and Mr. Massingberd; “Ave Verum,” Mozart; Seena, “Ah non credea,” “Ah non giunge” (Sonnambula) Bellini, Mrs. Ronalds; Part Song, “O who will o'er the downs?” Pearsall; Overture (Oberon), Weber; Chorus, “Hallelujah!” (Messiah), Handel.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—A meeting of the Metropolitan Charity School children took place on Thursday; and, although the day was sadly unpropitious, there was a large concourse of visitors. Forty-three schools were represented, and the whole choral force reckoned near upon three thousand boys and girls. Mr. Henry Buckland conducted, and Mr. James Coward presided at the organ. The programme was entirely selected from sacred works, with the exception of “God Save the Queen.” The children sang with remarkable freedom, and displayed a great advance on last year's training. Haydn's Hymn, “Lord of Heaven and Earth,” was encored and repeated.

### Paris.

**PARIS, Aug. 8.**—M. Faure has returned, and is shortly to make his appearance. It was said he would lead off in *Gaullame Tell*, but the departure of M. Gueymard on his *conge* renders this impossible. The *Trouvère* (*Trovatore*), or *la Favorita*, will, therefore, be the opera, at least most likely, for nothing is fixed yet. One thing seems sure, however, and that is that the prince-composer Poniatowski's masterpiece, *Pierre de Medicis*, will have a turn. Every dog has his day; *à fortiori*, princes who condescend to the muse, as King Cophetua stooped to the beggar-maid, may have their night. With all my heart, so my attendance be dispensed with: “I care not greatly for ‘prince-ish music’ that may be heard.” Julien de Medicis will be played by M. Faure.

At the Opéra Comique, Roger will swim gaily down the stream of popular favor—a stream that for him has yet had no shallows nor back currents. With nothing fresher than *Haydée* and the *Dame Blanche*, he fills the theatre nightly; and so thoroughly is he in a vein of triumph, that he may well think twice of his journey to St. Petersburg, notwithstanding the barbaric pomps there awaiting him. The new operas by Messrs. Bazin and Lefebvre-Wély, which long since I intimated were in preparation, will naturally not see the light till the popular tenor has thoroughly brushed off the bloom of his re-appearance.

The Théâtre Lyrique is making itself wonderfully smart externally. The whole exterior has been ornamented and decorated afresh from the base to the roof. The allegorical piece which adorns the front is not yet quite completed. The subject is the city of Paris represented as a beautiful dame-protectress of the fine arts. Grouped around her are figures representing Music and the most illustrious masters of harmony. It was originally intended that both the native composers who had contributed to the glory of France, and those of foreign origin to whom she had offered shelter and protection on the various lyrical stages of the capital, should be included. This notion had been suggested by M. Hector Berlioz, but has been reserved for separate treatment. It is now the subject of the painting with which the ceiling is adorned. This ceiling, by the way, is talked of as a remarkable specimen of good taste in architectural ornamentation.

**BERLIN.**—After a six weeks' vacation, the Royal Opera House opened, on the 2nd instant, with Donizetti's *Favorita*. At Kroll's Theatre, Lortzing's *Undine* has been drawing excellent houses for some time past. Signor Lorini, who has just arrived from Russia, has again concluded an engagement with the manager of the Victoria Theatre for Italian Opera next winter. Mr. Balfi is also here. According to report, he has come to consult the celebrated oculist, Dr. Gräfe. A proof of the advantage to be derived from Signor Garcia's “Larynx-Speculum” has just been afforded by the first operation performed with his aid. Dr. Bruns, of Tübingen, by means of a curved knife, six inches long, with two blades, has cut away a polypus growing far down the larynx of a lady related to him. The lady had lost her voice for three years, but it is now quite restored.

**BRUNSWICK.**—A very interesting performance was lately given, under the direction of Herr Franz Abt, by the Mänonergesangverein and the Singakademie, in the old Egidien Kirche, which has been fitted up especially for concerts. The most successful pieces were Mendelssohn's eight-part setting of the 43rd Psalm, and Hauptmann's “Salve Regina.” The female chorus sang likewise a very pleasing hymn by Blumenstengel, while the male chorus gave Schubert's “Nachtgesang im Walde,” and Abt's “Nineta.” The opera re-opened, after a vacation with Mehul's *Joseph*.

**WIESBADEN.**—The fortuitous presence of several artistic celebrities rendered the fourth concert given by the managers of the baths a very brilliant one. Mad. Bürde-Ney sang airs from *Oberon* and *Ermanni*; and Herr Wachtel, airs from *Die Zauberflöte* and *Ermanni*. Herr Didio played *fantasias* for the violoncello; Herr Ferdinand Hiller, Mozart's Concerto in D minor; and Herr Ludwig Strauss, compositions by Vieuxtemps and Strauss. Altogether the concert was a great success.

**HAMBURG.**—Mlle. Marimont, of the Grand Opera in Paris, Mad. Rosa Escudier-Kastner, Herr Beck, M. Vicuxtemps, and a host of other artists of repute, have been singing and playing at the concerts here.

**NUREMBERG.**—The principal propositions submitted by Herr Müller von der Warrn, the Thuringian song writer to the Festal Committee, were as follows: 1. The singers of Germany, by their representatives, resolve on founding a Vocal Union of all Germany. The object of which shall be—1. The promotion of German national song, by all possible means, both at home and abroad. 2. The introduction of useful reforms. 3. The foundation of an Arndt-Zelter Fund, for the purpose of assisting the families of deceased song-writers and song composers of acknowledged merit. 4. The promotion of intellectual and social intercourse by means of a paper already established, and entitled *Die Sängerkirche*. 5. The adoption of a universal decoration for German singers, to be worn in addition to the respective decorations of the various Societies. 6. The building of a Vocal Walhalla in some city, as Nuremberg, Coburg, or Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the heart of Germany. —II. The representatives of German song, at present stopping in Nuremberg, resolve,—That a German Vocal Festival shall take place every two years, and that the next such festival shall be held in Frankfort-on-the-Main or Heidelberg.

**SALZBURG.**—Herr Eckert, Intely Capellmeister at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, has accepted a similar appointment at the cathedral here.

**RUSSIA.**—The directorship of the Imperial Chapel of Russia has been lately vacant; M. Alexis Lvoff having resigned the post on account of his advanced age. It has been filled up by M. Bachmeteff, a counsellor of state and a distinguished musical amateur. In consideration of M. Lvoff's long and valuable services, and the part he has had in raising the choir of the Imperial Chapel to its high state of efficiency (acknowledged throughout Europe), the Emperor has allowed him to keep his honorary titles of Senator and Court Master (Hofmeister), together with the emoluments thereto appended. M. Lvoff's chief services to the Imperial Chapel are as follows: Firstly, the collecting and harmonizing of the *Chants of the Greek Church*, a work of vast extent, forming thirteen volumes. Secondly, the musical instruction of 300 pupils (chapel-masters) for the execution of the ecclesiastical chants. Thirdly, the formation of a capital of nearly 50,000 roubles for the widows and orphans of the choristers. Fourthly, M. Lvoff has enriched the library of the chapel by about one hundred pieces of church music of his own composition. As concerning Russian professors of music, a famous “lion pianist” of that empire (Lion Anton Rubinstein) has fallen among thieves during his sojourn at Lucerne. He has, it would seem, been robbed of 2,000 silver rubles and a gold watch. Satisfied with his experience of the hospitality of the hardy Swiss, he, hardy Russ, shook the Alpine snow from his feet, and betook himself to the modest seaport of Ostend, where he is as likely to be robbed as ever, but where he will not be insulted with boastful talk about the strict honesty and guileless innocence of the inhabitants.

**THE GRAND VOCAL FESTIVAL IN NUREMBERG.**—The idea of getting up a Grand Vocal Festival for all Germany was, at the present day, a very natural result of the wish entertained by every educated person to behold the various members of the German family united in one great whole. Everything that serves to express this feeling, or that can nourish and strengthen the spirit which yearns for a united Fatherland is warmly welcomed and everywhere adopted and promoted most lovingly and zealously.

Viewed in this light, the Vocal Festival in Nuremberg was, from the immense interest it excited, a healthy sign of the times. No one could well expect the Festival to prove any very great event for art, although it called forth a few choral compositions, of more than ordinary merit, for male voices, and this certainly enriched that branch of writing. It was to be foreseen that the artistic would be outbalanced by the national element; but why should Music not consider it an honor to be the interpretress

of the noblest sentiments and feelings of love for our Fatherland, and of a yearning after the union and power of the entire German people? That kind of music which gushes directly from the human breast — we allude to vocal music — is that most nearly allied to the soul, whence alone it derives its true expression, and on which it exercises the profoundest reaction. To sum up in a few words the grand result of the Festival, we assert with joy that its principal object, namely, the enthusiastic expression of German nationality by German poetry and German song, was most triumphantly achieved.

That the masses of executants who met on the occasion, the thousands of spectators and listeners who flocked from all parts, the festive movements of the entire population of the town and its environs; and furthermore, material facts, such as the magnificence of Nuremberg itself, to the grandeur of the processions, and the fineness of the weather, which was without exception most propitious — that all this, we say, should co-operate powerfully in bringing about the satisfactory general result, was natural. Each element in the Festival enhanced the other, and music formed only the central point of a display of national feeling, such as, for the unrestrained intercourse of all classes, and the good-humored enjoyment of a vast multitude giving themselves up to the present moment, and able to rejoice in their existence for the sake of that existence itself, is to be found only among the members of our own race in South Germany.

For the celebration of a national festival, Nuremberg in the highest degree appropriate. We were struck with astonishment, as, amid loud expressions of welcome and the flourish of trumpets, we arrived at the railway station on Saturday, the 20th July, while this pearl of German cities unfolded before our eyes its architectural magnificence, which has not its equal in Germany, or, in its peculiar way, in Europe; and which, moreover, on this occasion, was bravely decked out in festive array, carrying us back in imagination to the time when the imperial city of Nuremberg received the German Kaisers, and welcomed them with brilliant state. On the 20th July last, however, Music was the guest for whom the grand old city, the mother of all German art, had put on her gala robes. All the public edifices, as well as all the private houses, the palaces, and the most modest residences, were decorated from the ground floor to the gable points, with flowers and foliage, displaying a true artistic feeling, the prevalence of which caused the beautiful forms of the various buildings to stand out with more than ordinary prominence. From the house-tops to about a man's height from the pavement, hung thousands of thousands of long flags, which, by their broad stripes of black and gold, announced the significance of the Festival, while a large number of other flags with the Bavarian colors waved amongst them, frequently bringing out, a highly ingenious manner, as at the Rathhaus, for instance, the architectural outlines by an infinity of smaller flags.

And yet no flags or colours were requisite to stamp Nuremberg as a German city, for not only is each world-famous and venerable church, but every house as well, a monument of German architectural art. This applies not to the buildings of former ages alone down to the present day the Nuremberg architects, with Hiedeloff at their head, have continued the taste for the German style, and carried it out in a most admirable manner. The broad streets, nowhere laid out in informal straight lines, offer, in their windings, such picturesque and surprising views, with the vast expanse of sky visible above, since in all the principal thoroughfares there is ample space between the opposite rows of houses, that there is no other city in which the old and beautiful combines so harmoniously with the new and beautiful.

Let our readers picture these streets alive with thousands of human beings who made way for the interminable line of the Vocal Societies, on their road from the Rathhaus to the Music Hall, situate outside the Laufer Gate, allowing them to pass through their closely packed ranks, in the most admirable order, without pressure or obstruction, but simply greeting, with loud hurrahs, now this, now that Society, from the most distant parts of their Fatherland; let our readers picture to themselves the lofty houses, nearly all four stories high, with their projecting windows and balconies, and fair blooming forms at every casement, while joy reigned on every countenance; while handkerchiefs, flags, and nosegays were waved in welcome; while, through the multitude, the procession of five thousand vigorous, light-hearted men and youths advanced, bearing aloft their magnificent flags, heavy with gold and glowing with painting and embroidery, followed by the proud recipients of the prizes awarded by the various Societies, some with goblets of silver or

gold, or ivory or wood delicately carved; others with gigantic old German drinking-horns, medals, and broad scarves, and while in addition, the military music re-echoed twice as merrily as usual, from the fact of its celebrating *Peace*, and its greatest blessings: *Art and the love of our Fatherland*, — let our readers picture to themselves all this, and they will gain some idea of the Festival, although they will still fall short of the reality, as displayed to those who were actually present; for thoroughly to appreciate the day's proceedings, a person must himself have witnessed that light-hearted, frank, unrestrained enjoyment, in which our Southern brothers breathe and live.

Passing through the Laufer Gate, which with the tower of gigantic circumference, is one of the finest monuments of the fortifications of the Middle Ages, the procession pursued its course to the Maxplatz, where the Music Hall was erected. The Platz is situated about ten minutes' walk outside the city, and, with its usually fine clumps of old trees, its large lawns, and broad walks, produces somewhat the effects of a London park. A better locality for a National Festival can scarcely be imagined. Around the Music Hall were booths and temporary eating-houses, lighted up in the evening by countless variegated lamps.

The principal ornament of the Platz, the colossal Music Hall peered forth through the picturesque groups of lofty trees. The front (the broadest side) with a high portico between two towers, built in the finest style of old German architecture, was a fine sight, agreeably surprising, or rather astounding, the visitor by the loftiness and grandeur of its proportions, as well as by the artistic taste with which it had been carried out, particularly when we remember of what material the whole edifice consisted, and the short time in which it was run up. The reader may form an idea of the capacity of this gigantic hall from the following figures: — It is 390 feet long, 186 feet broad, and in the nave, 54 feet high, and comprehends, therefore, a space of 70,000 square feet. The internal arrangements and decorations were most sensible and tasty. In this case again, the most pleasing ornaments were the banners of the various Societies, which hung down from the gallery which had been built solely to receive them. From a round stone basin, decked with flowers, in the centre of the Hall, arose a cooling fountain, worked by a steam engine at the side of the building. This magnificent Hall was planned by the building board of the Festival Committee, under the presidency of Herr Solger, one of the city architects, and carried out by Herr Schellhorn.

It was not till nine o'clock in the evening that the singers were located upon the broad stage, which of itself formed a large hall. The building was completely filled, admission to the gallery boxes opposite the stage and on each side of the structure, being attained by payment, while the pit was occupied by the inhabitants of the city and their families, who had been invited to attend the solemn opening of the Festival. These highly estimable individuals had the most undeniable right to the invitation, since they had hospitably received in their homes somewhere about five thousand singers. From twelve to fifteen thousand persons were present on the occasion, so the reader will be able to gain some notion the thunders of applause which broke forth, from time to time, under the most varied forms of expression.

The most conspicuous pieces to welcome and great the visitors were fine "Festival March," by Vincenz Lachner; the "Singers' Welcome" of the Augsburg Liedertafel (words by Hertle, music by Fray, members of the above Society); and the instrumental instrumental introduction to Arndt's "Vaterlandslied," by F. Lux, of Mayence.

The plan pursued for the two days, the 21st and 22nd July, was rehearsal at seven o'clock a. m., the grand performance at four p. m., and separate performances of various associations at eight o'clock in the evening.

The prices of admission (12 florins for all the performances and two rehearsals; and from 4 to 8 florins for each day, according to the places) were altogether too high. The consequence was that the boxes opposite the orchestra and on each side of the building were but scantily attended the first day, and downright empty the second.

Passing over the speeches delivered at the first grand performance, we will proceed to notice the first eight of the sixteen new compositions executed by the general chorus under the personal supervision of the composers, of whom the only ones absent were Duke Ernst of Gotha, A. Methfessel, Kücken and Kalliwoda.

\* Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, expressly for the Musical World.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Bridge. *Miss Lindsay.* 25

The very chaste vocal compositions of this talented *dilettante* are much cherished at the firesides of England. Her setting of Longfellow's famous song is deserving of the widest publicity. It is simple, yet the sentiment of the words is most happily expressed.

The lone old tree. *Clement White.* 25

A household song, which will become popular.

*E. L. Hime.* 25

Pleasing and melodious. No better song for young singers could be selected.

Forever thine. *T. H. Howe.* 25

A ballad of the best order. The writer, by previous successful songs has furnished ample proof of his ability and gift of melody.

There is a song I've heard thee sing. *J. Barrett.* 25

Simple and melodious.

Come where the moonbeams linger. *F. Buckley.* 25

Buckley has a great and undoubted talent of inventing graceful, flowing melodies which are easily fixed in one's memory, because there is nothing forced, nothing artificial about them. Every one can sing them. Many of his songs have become popular. His late songs far eclipse former efforts. In England, where the author resides at present, his songs are among those most called for. The above song especially has obtained wide popularity there, as it should here, being uncommonly pretty.

#### Instrumental Music.

Kathleen Mayourneen. *Transcription.*

*Brinley Richards.* 35

An elegant arrangement of Crouch's favorite song. Richards' compositions, original or otherwise, have now become so well established in the good graces of our Amateurs, that anything new from his pen is at once eagerly sought for.

Cataract Galop.

*Carl Faust.* 25

A sparkling and melodious piece, not difficult of execution. Abroad it is one of the most popular dances of the day.

Marche du Vainqueur.

*J. Blumenhal.* 50

This "March of the Victor" is a beautiful tone-poem, by the author of "La Source," and "Les deux amans," pieces which are cherished second to none by the modern pianist. It should become a standard work. The fine Elegy for the slain, for which the middle portion of the March is unmistakably intended, is alone worth the price of the whole piece.

#### Books.

THE GOLDEN HARP. A collection of Hymns, Tunes, and Choruses for the Use of Sabbath Schools, Social Gatherings, Pic Nics, and the Home Circle. By L. O. Emerson.

This book has been introduced into many large schools, and has in every case given the fullest satisfaction. Individuals whose interests are enlisted in the cause of Sabbath Schools cannot do a better deed for the good of that cause than by examining this work, calling the attention of their friends to it, and introducing it into use in their respective localities.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

